

Kiwa City Blues

by Veronica Catherine Richards

Category: PokÃ©mon
Genre: Adventure
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-04-15 08:00:00
Updated: 2001-01-29 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 14:41:20
Rating: T
Chapters: 3
Words: 5,747
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Giovanni's daughter enters the scene...(A cyberpunk story)

1. Kiwa City Blues #1

Kiwa City

Part One: Black Houhou
>

The gym door opened. Giovanni leaned forward in anticipation of another pathetic little trainer to beat.

A bony little middle-aged woman came in, dragging someone by the arm. The woman was small and wiry, with a large nose, sharp green eyes, and a mass of curly brown hair.

Giovanni sighed. "Hello, Carlotta."

"Hello yourself," snapped Carlotta. "Sixteen years, Giovanni. I've had to put up with her for sixteen years, and you've given me what? Twenty dollars when she turned thirteen, to get a present for her."

"Look, I'm a busy man," muttered Giovanni. "I have to run Team Rocket. That takes a lot of time, you know."

"Yeah, and I have plenty of time and plenty of money to raise a little wretch like this one. Look, you bum, if you're going to raise a kid, you need a lot of money. You got a lot of money. I don't." Carlotta gave the girl another shake. "Look! Look at her. Look at how thin she is. Look at these shmattes she calls clothes. I've been keeping her fed for sixteen years on nothing."

"I gave you money!" yelled Giovanni.

Carlotta snorted. "Yeah, two hundred when I had her, and twenty when she was thirteen. You think that's enough to raise a child on?"

"I told you, I can't take her," snarled Giovanni. "I've got too much to do."

"You've also got too much money," Carlotta told him. "Look, just take the kid, okay?" She shoved the girl out onto the gym floor.

The girl was tall and slender. She had a build that suggested she had just started puberty, and a look that said she had jumped out of a particularly cynical cyberpunk novel. She had pale skin, slanted green cat eyes, and a pointed face. Her hair was black, streaked with electric blue, and cut short in a rather spiky hairdo. She had a red headband around her forehead. (At least, it looked like a red headband. If you looked close, you would see that the fabric was woven with complicated and intricate electronic circuitry.) She had a snake earring, a spider earring, and a small silver nose ring. She was wearing a ripped black leather vest that was unzipped, and a blood red bra. She wore ripped black jeans, black leather kicker boots without socks, and ripped black fingerless gloves.

The girl glared at Giovanni, then stuck her hands in her pockets and glowered at nothing in particular while trying to look defiant.

"There," Carlotta said. "Don't make a lot of trouble for your dad, alright, kid? See ya." She turned and strutted out of the gym, slamming the door.
>

Giovanni sighed. "Fine. What's your name, kid?"

"Mndm," mumbled the girl.

Giovanni leaned forward until his face was an inch away from the girl's. "I asked you," he hissed in his most threatening tone, "what your name was."

"MY NAME IS RANDOM, OKAY?" yelled the girl.

Giovanni winced. "You don't need to shout," he told her.

Random glared. "Screw you." She looked around the gym. "What is this, a stadium?"

"It's the Viridian City gym," Giovanni told her proudly. "Team Rocket's gym. The most sophisticated gym in the world."

"Hungh," approved Random. "Alright, whatever."

"You like PokÃ©mon?" Giovanni asked her.

Random brightened up slightly. "Yeh. I guess."

"Team Rocket is the biggest PokÃ©mon gang in the world," Giovanni said. "And I'm the boss."

"Huh," Random said, unimpressed.

"And," continued Giovanni, "when I retire, you'll be the boss. But for now, you do what I tell you. Okay?"

"Whatever," Random said. She stuck her hands in her pockets.
>

The next few weeks were a living hell for Giovanni. Random was giving him a lot of trouble.

First, she had flatly refused to take any of the Pokémons he had given her as a present. They were pretty good Pokémons, too. There had been a level 51 Arbok, a level 47 Weezing, and a level 56 Persian.

When Giovanni had proudly presented them to her, Random had looked over each one critically. Then she had collected the Pokéballs they were in and given them back to Giovanni the next day.

Random already had enough Pokémons. She only had five, but that was fine with her. She was planning on capturing a Porygon.

She had a genetically engineered Gyrados that she had gotten in Chiba City. It was a little smaller than a normal Gyrados, but was all black (except for its tail, which was a sharp blue blade) and had poison spit and barbed teeth.

She had a Porygon that was actually a computer virus. It had been a Porygon until a virus had infected it, at which time Random had hacked it out of the computer system and put it into a Pokéball.

She had a Kabutops that was really only half a Kabutops. They had been resurrecting it on Cinnabar Island, when there was a power failure. As a result, it was only the skeleton of a Kabutops, but still a Pokémon.

She had a Charmeleon that she had gotten in Chiba City. It had been genetically altered--not as much as her Gyrados, but it still looked fierce. (All Pokémon from Chiba City are genetically altered. In fact, the word "Chiba" is cyberpunk slang for 'fake or altered.') It had an evil grin, and sharp, wicked teeth. It had long red claws, and a thoroughly nasty disposition.

She had a Dragonair she had also gotten in Chiba. It had about 20 little claws on its body, and instead of having little crests on its head, it had sharp scales and two horns.

All of her Pokémon were dark and scary. Like her. And all of them obeyed only her, and no one else.
>

Random existed, for several weeks, in a sort of groove between her room and the gym. That, at least, was during the day. A casual observer would have noticed her lying on her bed, staring at the ceiling, until she heard that someone challenged Giovanni in the gym. She would then tear down the stairs to the gym, where she hung over the railing of the observation deck, staring at the challenger until they either noticed her or lost. Often, these happened in the same moment. Then she would go back upstairs and do nothing.

Random was making good use of her time at Team Rocket HQ, however. At night, she would slip out of her bed and explore the hidden passageways that honeycombed the building.

That was how she found Mewtwo.
>

The door to the underground lab opened. Random poked her head in, the slowly shuffled into the room.

She stood in front of a cage, staring. There was a huge Pokémon in there, glaring at her. Its hands were bound with a water lock.

"Hi," Random whispered softly.

{HELLO, HUMAN.}

"What kind of Pokémon are you?" Random asked it.

{MY NAME IS MEWTWO. THIS...TEAM ROCKET CAPTURED ME. GIOVANNI PUT THIS FOUL LOCK ON ME.}

"If you hold your hands out, I might be able to get off the lock," Random told it. Mewtwo obediently held out its hands.

Random stared at the lock. "Alright...let's see." She fiddled with the lock.

{WELL?}

"Crap," said Random. "I can't get it off. It's a water lock."

{WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?}

"It's basically impossible to open a water lock unless you've trained a Pokegod," Random explained. "And I've never even seen a Pokegod, let alone trained one."

{YOU NEED A POKEGOD TO OPEN THIS LOCK, THEN.}

"Yeah," said Random. "At least, that's what I think you need."

{A POKEGOD...LIKE A BLACK HOUHOU?}

Random looked up sharply. "Where'd you hear of it?" she asked.

{YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW.}

Random sighed loudly. "Fine. Why a Black Houhou?"

{THERE'S ONE IN HERE.}

Random looked around. "Where?"

{ON TOP OF THAT TABLE.}

Random approached the table cautiously. "There's nothing on there," she reported.

{LOOK AGAIN.}

Random did.

There was a small black disk on the table. It hadn't been there before. As she watched, the smooth surface of the disk cracked, and began to unfold.

In a moment, there was a bird hovering a few inches above the table. Well, it wasn't exactly a bird--more like a bird-shaped hole in space. It looked like a Houhou made out of antimatter.

{Hello,} it suddenly said to Random. {I just have to calibrate myself.}

"Go ahead," Random told it, crossing her arms.

The bird made several laps around the room, seeming to disappear and appear again at random points. It took a few seconds before Random realized that it was flying in and out of real space.

Finally, it stopped. {Well,} it said. {I can tell you that you move freely in three spatial dimensions, namely, length, height, and width. You can't move ana or kata. You move in a straight line in only one temporal dimension, in one direction and one speed at all times naturally. In the higher temporal dimensions, you stay rooted to one place. You can't influence the superstrings very well, but you move about them very adeptly.}

{VERY SMART,} Mewtwo said. {THIS HUMAN NEEDS YOU TO HELP HER OPEN THIS LOCK.}

Black Houhou blinked at it. {Don't you mean that you need her to open that lock?}

Mewtwo shifted uncomfortably. {IT DOESN'T MATTER. IF SHE IS TO OPEN THE LOCK, SHE NEEDS YOUR HELP. I CANNOT DO IT.}

"Look," Random interjected, "are you gonna help me or not, Houhou?"

{Black Houhou,} Black Houhou corrected. {I am not a Houhou. A Houhou is a benevolent PokÃ"god that gives really enormous gifts to people who don't deserve them. Then it makes the poor idiot's life miserable for requesting it. On top of all that, it comes back a few years later when you least expect it, and demands something like your first-born son. And when whatever fate has been handed out to the human that requested it, on top of the ludicrously excessive price, it appears in a flash of glittering light just before they die and tells the human that it's their fault because they asked for it. I think it's supposed to be a lesson on humility.}

"So you don't work like that, then?" asked Random.

{Right. That's a hypocritical way to do something. What I do is work in recursive loops.}

{WHAT?!?!} yelled Mewtwo.

{It's nothing dangerous,} Black Houhou assured them. {I just

accomplish something for one person by...arranging things. And I use another person to do that while accomplishing what they want by getting someone else to do it while giving them what they want...}

Random nodded. "Ad infinitum."

{MORE LIKE AD NAUSEAM,} said Mewtwo. {DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THAT DOES? THE LAST TIME ANYTHING TRIED TO WORK IN A RECURSIVE LOOP, THE SUPERSTRINGS GOT TANGLED UP BEYOND REPAIR.}

{That won't happen with me,} Black Houhou said. {And now...}

"Yeah?" said Random, crossing her arms.

{HOLD STILL.}
>

Black Houhou swooped toward Random. At first she thought it was going to hit her, but then it swerved out of the way and made a circuit around her head.

{There,} it said. {Now open the lock.}

Random blinked. "Just like that?"

{I AM WAITING, HUMAN.}

"Fine." Random went over to the cage and touched the lock on Mewtwo's hands. "Now, let's see..."

The lock sprung open.

"Oh," Random said.

Mewtwo's eyes glowed. {I WILL NOT FORGET THIS, HUMAN. THANK YOU.}

"My name," Random told it, "is Random. Not 'human.'"

{RANDOM,} Mewtwo said. {THANK YOU, RANDOM.} The air around it shimmered, and it disappeared.

Black Houhou watched with some satisfaction. {You'd better get to bed, Random,} it said. {I think tomorrow is going to be important for you.}
>

The door to Random's room opened. Giovanni stood there.

Random mumbled something and poked her head out from under the pillow. "Whaddya want?"

"There are some people I want you to meet," Giovanni informed her.

Random sighed. "Five minutes."

After Giovanni closed the door, Random shot up from the bed.

"OhGodohGodohGodohGodohGod..."

{Relax,} Black Houhou suggested, unfolding in a corner. {He doesn't know about Mewtwo yet.}

Random fixed the bird with a steely gaze. "And you had better not tell him, Bird."

Black Houhou (or Bird, as Random had apparently decided his name was) did a complicated series of multidimensional exercises. {I won't.}

"Great," said Random. She started moving around the room, throwing things into a small black leather backpack. "'Cause even if he didn't, I'm getting out of here. Let's go."

Black Houhou shrugged and folded up. "Remember, I'm here when you need me."

>

Random opened the door. Giovanni looked impatient.

Random slipped out and closed the door softly. "Yeah?"

Giovanni didn't say a word, just walked down the stairs that led to the room where he met his subordinates. Random followed him.

There were two people in the room--a young man with a worried expression and blue hair, and a woman who looked like she was scared to death but was trying to act tough. Random decided she rather liked both of them. There was also a small, wiry-looking Meowth in between them.

Giovanni nodded, acknowledging them. "Jessie. James. This is my daughter, Random. You are to look after her. If anything happens to her, you are both dead. Good luck." He left the room.

Random smiled slightly. "Hey."

>

"So," said Random, once they had gotten a good distance away from Team Rocket HQ, "how'd you get into a maladroitness outfit like Team Rocket?"

Jessie and James exchanged worried looks. They seemed to be scared of her and annoyed with her at the same time.

Jessie shrugged. "It seemed like the right thing to do at the time."

Random laughed. "And you had to join this one?"

"There weren't really any other options," James explained.

"Yeah there are," Random told them.

"Name one," interjected Meowth. Meowth was the only one that wasn't outwardly intimidated by her.

"Well..." Random started counting on her fingers. "There's the Yakuza

of Chiba City, the Machav of Be'er Lailot, and the Double White Star Holos in Kiwa City."

"I've never heard of them," Jessie said.

Random shrugged. "That's because you work for Team Rocket. Dealing with competition is not exactly their strong suit."

"Then how come you know about them? You're Giovanni's daughter, after all," James said.

Random rolled her eyes. "Look, up until a month ago, I was basically convinced that my mom had just gone to a clinic in Chiba and got herself cloned, then got me genetic surgery after she decided I looked too much like her. For sixteen years, I knew nothing about my dad. Then, the jerk my mom's dating cons her into giving all her money to him and takes off. My mom is on the phone, yelling at this guy, when I walk in and tell her that I need twenty bucks for pizza. My mom slams down the phone, drags me into the car, speeds off, not telling me what the heck's going on here, and gives me to this guy who turns out to be my dad. Before that, if you actually want to know, I was a trainer in the gym in Kiwa. Tokiwa Gym, under Gibson. So that's the story of my life. How about you?"

"Well," James began, "my parents were going to make me marry someone I had never actually seen. So I ran off, met Jessie, and joined Team Rocket."

"My parents sent me to PokÃ™mon Tech to get me out of the way," Jessie said. "I flunked out and joined Team Rocket."

"What about you?" Random asked Meowth.

Meowth shrugged. "I used to be the boss's cat."
>

"Sir," an underling gasped, hurrying up to Giovanni.

"What?" snapped Giovanni.

The underling paused for breath. "Black Houhou escaped. Or something."

"What," Giovanni hissed, "do you mean by 'or something?'"

The underling spread his hands. "We think someone let it go."

Giovanni gasped. "Random!" He turned to face the underling. "That Black Houhou is one of the most dangerous things in the universe. It only stops when its mission is fulfilled or when its main focus dies."

"Mewtwo escaped, too," the underling added helpfully.

Giovanni sighed. "Random probably did that, too. What else is missing?"

"Three thousand dollars," said the underling.

"I don't mean money. What else is missing?" growled Giovanni.

"Nothing, sir," said the underling.

"Good," said Giovanni. "Send out an assassin's call on Random. The reward is \$42,000."
>

They spent several weeks just wandering. They got to know each other very well, and soon Jessie and James felt almost like Random was their little sister. Random, actually, felt the same way about them.

One day, about a month afterwards, they were camping out in the woods near Saffron. Jessie had gone into Saffron to get a new map, since theirs had been torn up a while ago. She came back looking scared and out of breath.

"What happened to you?" asked Random.

Jessie stopped and sank to her knees. "I ran all the way here...Random, Giovanni's put out an assassin's call on you."

"WHAT?" yelled James and Meowth. Only Random didn't look surprised.

"But what did you do?" asked James.

Random sighed. "I freed Mewtwo, for one thing."

Jessie shrugged. "Well, if that's all..."

"Then you've got to get out of here," said James.

"Yeah," added Meowth.

"Probably," Random said. "Unless you two can go tell Giovanni that I'm dead, and then I won't have to hide out."

"We'll do that," Jessie told her.

"But until then, you'll have to keep a low profile," James said.

Random nodded and shouldered her backpack. "See ya."

"Good luck!" called James.
>

To be continued...

2. Kiwa City Blues #2

Kiwa City

Part Two: Orange Island
>

"Professor Ivy?" called Random, shrugging off her backpack.

One of Ivy's daughters, Courva, came over. "Hi, Random! Here, let me take your backpack."

"Thanks," Random said. "Where's Shiksa and Yenta?"

"Out back, with Mom," explained Courva. "Ooh, and guess what?"

"What?" asked Random.

Courva giggled. "There's a boy staying with us!"

Random blinked. "Oookay. Why?"

"He said he wanted to study the PokÃ©mon on the island," Courva said. "And he cooks for us, and he cleans our house...He's _so _cute!!"

Random sighed. "Wonderful. Just great. Where is he?"

Courva pointed. "In the kitchen. He's making dinner."

Random headed into the kitchen. "Yo!" she yelled. "Anyone in here?"

A boy wearing a ludicrously frilly apron turned around.

"Oh...uh...hi...who are you?"

"Name's Random." Random lounged against the doorpost. "I gotta stay here a few nights. Who are you, and why the hell did you decide to stay here?"

"My name's Brock," said Brock. "I'm studying the PokÃ©mon on this island."

Random stared at him. "On this island? There are PokÃ©mon all over the place."

Brock shrugged. "They've got different markings here, and I want to find out why."

Random rolled her eyes. "I could tell you why."

"Why?" asked Brock.

Courva rushed in, interrupting Random and Brock. "Random! Mom's here."

"Great." Random tossed Brock a casual wave and went outside.
>

"Hello, Random," Ivy greeted Random.

"Hey," Random said. "Nice island. The girls have grown. Who the hell's that guy in the kitchen?"

"That's Brock," explained Ivy. "He's staying here." She went back to

stripping leaves from some plants.

Random sighed. "Look, either you tell me the whole story without me having to wring it out of you or I hear some twisted, perverted version of it from one of the girls."

"Fine." Ivy stuffed some leaves in a bag and turned to face Random. "Brock and two other kids came here. Brock managed to clean the house, and everyone decided he should stay. He said that he wanted to study the PokÃ©mon on the island. Now," she asked, "what's your story? Did Carlotta send you here?"

"Nope," Random told her. "Mom dumped me on that guy from Team Rocket she was dating when she was in college. He dumped me on some of his subordinates, and then sent out an assassin's call on me. So I came here."

"And why did he send out an assassin's call on you?" Ivy inquired without any trace of actual interest.

"'Cause I freed Mewtwo, took out Black Houhou, and then took off with two underlings who are apparently at the bottom of the scale in Team Rocket," Random told her.

Ivy nodded. "Mmhmm. Interesting."

"And," added Random, "I jumped off a cliff, I have huge antlers growing out of my nostrils, and my skin is purple with lime green polka dots."

"In that case," said Ivy, in the same bored monotone, "I would suggest Prozac. I also think that you have hallucinatory symptoms."

"I was trying to get you to at least open your eyes all the way," Random explained to her, "or at least speak in a tone of voice that doesn't suggest a robot."

Ivy sighed and looked at Random. "Random dear, why don't you stay with us for a while until we can get this all figured out. You can stay in the guest room, if Shiksa's Mankey hasn't destroyed everything in it. If it's too much of a mess, the couch in the living room folds out."

"Thanks," Random said. She headed back inside.
>

Brock immediately bumped into Random. "Oh, ah, sorry," he mumbled, blushing.

Random shrugged. "I'm used to it. Why the hell are you wearing that stupid apron?"

"It's good for cooking and cleaning in," Brock explained. "Which is basically what I'm doing here."

Random shook her head. "That's just fucking stupid," she told him. "You're a fairly cute, talented, smart boy who's probably a damn good PokÃ©mon trainer and you're wasting your time keeping house for a bunch of women who can't even be bothered to take care of themselves?"

You deserve better."

Brock shrugged. "I like this," he said simply.

Random snorted. "Right. Two more weeks and you'll be bored enough to smoke some of that stuff they're growing in the yard. Ever been to Kiwa City?"

Brock blinked. "Where?"

"Kiwa City," Random told him, "is where I'm from. It's great."

Brock shrugged. "I don't think so. How long are you staying here?"

"I don't know, maybe a week," said Random. She sighed. "God, this place is weird."

"Um." Brock cleared his throat. "If you want to, you can stay in my room..."

Random burst out laughing. "What, you haven't hit on any of the triplets yet?" Brock tried to arrange his face into an expression of righteous shock, and failed.

"No," muttered Brock.

Random smiled. "I think I'm gonna like this."

>

It was only three days before Team Rocket caught up with her.

It was in the middle of the night. Professor Ivy woke up to hear people breaking into the house.

"Crap." She flashed out of bed, grabbed a coat, and ran into the girls' room. "Shiksa, Courva, Yenta, wake up!"

"Mmgh. What?" The girls poked their collective heads out from under the covers.

"There's someone here," whispered Ivy. "We've got to go."

None of the girls argued. They got out of bed and quickly threw some clothes into bags.

"Where are we going?" whispered Shiksa, once they were out of the house.

"I don't know," said Ivy.

>

Random woke up to the smell of smoke. She rolled over blearily and looked out the window.

"Oh _shit_," she muttered. She got up and went into Brock's room.

She climbed onto the bed and poked him. "Wake up."

"Hmghf," mumbled Brock, stuffing his head underneath the pillow.

Random leaned close to him. "Team Rocket is burning down the house," she whispered.

Brock blinked sleepily. "Hm. So?"

Random sighed. "THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US, YOU BLOODY IDIOT!" she yelled at him.

Brock sat bolt upright. "What--"

Random dragged him out of the room impatiently. "Team Rocket has apparently found out that I am hiding out here. Therefore, we've got to cut and run."

"What do you mean, Team Rocket's found out that you're here?" Brock asked.

"They've found out that I'm here," Random repeated. "Now move it."

>

"Well?" asked Giovanni.

"No luck," Cassidy said. "Only thing I found was this." She held up a small black disk.

Giovanni glared at her. "Are you crazy? Put that back!"

"We thought you'd be pleased," Butch said.

Giovanni shook his head. "Don't touch that thing. If you found it, it's because it wants you to find it. There's no telling what could happen if someone else was in the loop. Put that back and make sure that nobody else will ever find it."

Butch and Cassidy looked at each other and shrugged. Cassidy threw it into the ruins of the house. It landed on a pile of ashes with a slight poof and a sizzling sound.

Giovanni nodded. "Good. Now let's get out of here. If Random isn't here, she's probably in the city. Tell everyone to check out all the hotels in town, starting with the best, fanciest, and most expensive one. If I know Random, she's taken all that money and is pampering herself with it."

>

Random woke up the next morning with leaves in her hair and grass in her mouth. Brock was sleeping next to her. His clothes were torn to shreds, almost. Random realized that he had been sleeping right next to a large patch of thorns.

"Morning." She kissed Brock on the cheek.

Brock groaned and rolled over. "Mmphgh. What time's it?"

"It's actually quite late," Random told him. "There's a lot of stuff

we've got to do. First of all, we've got to cover our tracks. Second, I don't know where any city is from here, so we've at least got to find a map. Third, if it's a long ways from here, we'll need some food or something. Fourth, you have to find some clothes that aren't actually just a bunch of individual threads by now."

That made Brock wake up. "What?"

Random sighed. "Well, look at yourself."

Brock did. "Crap," he muttered. "I wore these clothes all the way from Pewter City."

Random had been rummaging through her bag. She took out a baggy black shirt and a pair of large blue jeans and tossed them to Brock. "Wear these for now," she instructed him.

Brock caught the clothes and looked at them. "Are these yours?"

"Yes," said Random. "Hurry up and put them on."

"I'm not wearing girl's clothes," Brock protested.

Random sighed again and looked at him. "Brock, if I hadn't told you that they were mine, you wouldn't even know. Besides, they aren't actually girl's clothes. They're cut for androgyny."

"Whatever." Brock pulled the shirt over his head. "Fits okay."

"Great," said Random. She rummaged around in her backpack as Brock got dressed.
>

To be continued...

3. Kiwa City Blues #3

"We'll take a train into town," Random decided, once Brock had gotten dressed.

Brock looked skeptically at her. "Do you have enough money for tickets?"

Random grinned. "Who needs tickets?"

Brock blinked. "Well, how are we going to get on, then?"

"Just hop a train," Random explained. "It's the fastest way to get into any town, and it costs nothing."

"Isn't that illegal?" Brock asked.

"So is growing pot in your backyard," said Random. Brock blinked in confusion.

Random shook her head. "Never mind. Let's go." She shouldered her backpack and started off.

>

>

Ash looked suspiciously at the town that was on top of the hill.
"I've never seen that place before."

"So?" asked Misty, who was leaning against a tree. "Neither have I."

"No," said Ash, "I mean I've never seen it on a map or anything."

"I have," said Tracy, who had been doodling on his sketch pad.
"Paradise City is a cool place. There are two cities in it, actually.
Neon City, which is above the ground, is a really nice place. On the
other hand, Kiwa City, which is built below the ground, is a scary
place. It's not a good idea to go there."

Ash shrugged. "Whatever. Let's go."

>

>

Random jumped easily off of the train. "Hurry up!" she yelled to
Brock. "We haven't got all day."

Brock leapt clumsily into Random. "Oof. Sorry," he said, trying to
brush himself off.

"Relax." Random helped him up. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Brock stood up and looked around. "So this is Kiwa City."

"No," said Random, "this is the train yard. Kiwa City is
underground."

"Okay," said Brock. "So this is Paradise City."

"Almost," Random said. "This is, like I said, only the train yard.
Paradise City is thataway." She pointed. Brock looked.
>

The upper half of Paradise City, Neon City, is a the kind of place
that sounds like either a poem or a fairly Utopian science fiction
novel. The buildings are tall and beautiful, the people are nice, the
grass is green, and there's very, very little crime. It's easy to get
around, and basically pleasant.

Kiwa City, which is built under the ground, is a whole different
story. The only light there is artificial, and half of the time, it
doesn't work. The Double White Star Holos, the local gang, control
about half of the Pokemon culture that goes on in Kiwa. They even
have their own gym, the Glitch Gym. The trainer there is named Gini,
and she holds the SharkBadge.

The other half of the Pokemon culture in Kiwa City is controlled by
the Glyphs. The Glyphs are a race of half-human, half-Pokemon. The
most widely accepted explanation for this is a very long story.

Basically, it's this. There's a part of Kiwa City called Shiva City. It's a place that nobody, and I mean nobody, ever goes. A while ago, some researchers were trying to create the ultimate Pokemon. It didn't work at all, and they ended up irradiating a huge portion of Kiwa City.

The kids of these researchers were part Pokemon and part human. They ended up living in the rafters above Kiwa City.

>

Random and Brock hitched a ride into Neon City aboard some guy's truck. They were dropped off at the Pokecenter.

Random headed straight to the videophone, while Brock went over to flirt with Nurse Joy.

Random sighed. She closed her eyes and tapped her gloved hands on the keyboard, typing the access code to Tokiwa Gym by memory.

The screen fizzled for a moment, then showed the familiar (to Random, anyway) face of Gibson, the Tokiwa Gym trainer.

>

Tokiwa Gym is the other gym in Kiwa City. It's run by Gibson, who holds the Cyberbadge.

Tokiwa Gym is basically the center of all Pokemon culture. Every year, there's a meeting of the leaders of all factions of Pokemon.

Gibson looks basically like the Imposter Professor Oak in the card game. Color his hair black and add a few streaks of silver, then color the lab coat a nondescript color of grey with a few bright blue, hot pink, lime green, and purple streaks, add a low, smooth voice, and you've got Gibson.

>

"Hey," Random said coolly.

Gibson sighed. "Random. Thank GOD you're okay."

Random smiled and rolled her eyes. "Relax, Gibson. You know I can take care of myself."

"The boys have been worried about you," Gibson said. "You have to come back home sometime."

"Right," Random said. "How's Mom?"

"She's fine," Gibson said. "Met some guy yesterday, took him home last night. Tony, Danny, Sam and Al are all really worried, though."

Tony, Danny, Sam and Al were Random's older brothers. They called themselves the four Rocket Brothers, even though they had never actually been a part of Team Rocket. They didn't even act like it; they just liked the name.

"Well, I'm here now," Random said. "Met a guy named Brock. Ever heard of him?"

Gibson frowned. "Didn't he run the Pewter City Gym a while back?"

"I wouldn't know," said Random. "You know I never paid much attention to that stuff."

Gibson shrugged. "Well, okay. Long as I know you're not dead in a ditch."

"Yeah," said Random. "Give my love to Mom and the boys."

"Gotcha." The screen went blank.
>

Random went back over to Brock, who was stammering at a clearly disinterested girl.

"We gotta go," she said.

"Why?" asked Brock.

Random was about to explain something, when three people walked into the Pokecenter.

"BROCK!" yelled one of them, a redhaired girl. She ran over to Brock and embraced him.

Random raised one eyebrow. "I take it this is Misty."

"Hey, Brock!" yelled a boy that she recognized as Ash. He went over and pulled Misty off Brock.

The other boy that was with them apparently didn't recognize Brock.
"Um..."

Random laughed and headed toward the other boy. "Feeling left out?"

"Sort of. I'm Tracy." The boy held out his hand, then realized his sketchbook was still in it.

Random took the sketchbook and flipped through it. She whistled.
"Nice."

Tracy grinned. "Thanks. Most people don't like my drawings that much."

"Really? I like them." Random stopped at one image. "Where'd you see this thing?"

Tracy came over. "Oh, in the woods. Why, do you know what it is?"

"It's a Black Houhou," Random said.
>

To be continued...

End
file.